

From Missouri

Dear Calvin:

Since I plan to go on a vacation trip of several months to California, I request you to discontinue my subscription to the Times until you hear from me again. Since leaving Pocahontas for college about forty years ago, I have received the Times almost continuously, though sometimes copies of it have piled up before I could get around to them. Of special interest to me have been the historical sketches and references, the stories about wild animals and plants, your humorous effusions and editorials, and the personal items including obituaries, which slowly become more remote and unknown. I hope that the effort to start a county library is carried through to success, for that is one of the county's chief needs.

When long ago I was teaching there, I remember putting on some kind of a musical entertainment to raise funds with which to purchase more books suitable for the pupils to read, and with funds I added some forty or fifty volumes to the scanty library of that particular school, the Moore on Knapps Creek.

Once I wrote you about the error in spelling the name of a famous mountain top in the Allegheny Mountains at the headwaters of Knapps Creek—Paddy Knob. That does not at all sound right. Your father in his history of the county correctly calls it Paddy's Knob. The marker on the road near the mountain is wrong and the printed references are becoming wrong. So I sincerely hope that you will use your influence to correct the error. Would you tolerate Knapp Creek for Knapps Creek? or Marlin Bottom for Marlin's Bottom? On most disputed points in English I am liberal, but to hear or see Paddy Knob is like getting sand in my mouth and eyes.

A few days ago I visited the home of cousin Newton Herold near Bates City in this county. Cousin Newton is the only surviving son of Andrew and Maria Herold as Cousin Myrta Moore is the only surviving daughter. Cousin Newton, who is now a feeble old man of 88 years, came to Missouri about sixty years ago, farmed successfully, married and reared two children, Raymond, who lives with his parents, and Naomi, now Mrs. W. C. Porter, who lives in an adjoining county, near Kansas City.

Very cordially yours,

Amos L. Herold.

Box 116, Lexington, Mo.
September 24, 1945.

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near Kansas City.

Very cordially yours,

Amos L. Herold.

Box 116, Lexington, Mo.
September 24, 1945.

Dear Amos:

Teaching for a generation in institutions of higher learning has set on you the most commendable habit of getting and keeping names right. Once a public man said he did not care what the newspapers called him just so they spelled his name right.

A century ago such a puritan would have taken you and me to task for the spelling of Knapps Creek. Originally, of course, it was William Ewing's Creek. Andrew Lewis and John Stuart set out the call for Ewing's cabin in the Greenbrier Land Company's survey of Marlin's Bottom in the year 1751.

Between the date of the Marlin's Bottom survey and the date of the transfer of the Ewing lands farther up Knapps Creek to Moses Moore for a bear trap and a small amount of money, the name of the largest tributary of Greenbrier River changed from Ewings Creek to Naps Creek.

Naphtalum Gregory was a hunter and trapper from east of the mountains. My hazy recollection is that the County Court records of Augusta County (Chalkley) report him missing along about the year 1763. The local tradition is that a party of white outlaws, painted up like Indians, came to his camp somewhere back in the limestone hills west of your old home, to rob him of his season's catch of fur. Gregory came in

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To this day those with second sight—born with a veil—can hear the phantom dogs of the late poor Nap Gregory give tongue as they trace again the trail to the sinkhole.

Farther down the valley in what is now Greenbrier County was the family name of Knapp. Over a century ago Caleb Knapp moved up stream to Pocahontas County.

Hope you have a nice time on your vacation.

Calvin

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You know it has proud boast that of nonias County nev drop of water other heavenly streams of The exception how ther Run, over i Wilderness Count water sprout of a s in the twelve mile dolph County, Webster and Poc ing up on Tur where the Rebel straight away tw mouth of Dry hating to admit t holden to anyone of water, I have purling waters polluted us one l its fountain he soil.

CALVIN W.

THURSDAY

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Talking about the Greenbrier River, reminds me that my friend L. W. Armstrong, writes in from Columbus, Ohio, to ask what about the following question and answer he clipped from the Columbus Dispatch paper:

Q. What county in the United States is said to be the source of more rivers than any other similar locality in the world?—O. B. A

A. Randolph County, W. Va. From this highland, streams flow in practically all directions.

Such a display of ignorance on the part of posed and supposed authority is just unpardonable. I can tell the professor and prove it to him that our own Pocahontas County is the answer. Why in our own super abundance of head streams for rivers we give unto our adjoining County of Randolph the Big Elk; the Tygart Valley, Gauley and Shavers Cheat. Outside of Little Kanawha and Buckhannon Rivers, I do not recall any other rivers having their sources in Randolph. Our own Pocahontas has given good starts to four beautiful streams for them.

For the sake of the record, let me again publish that our own Pocahontas County, a domain of a thousand square miles, is the birth place of rivers. Here is the list: Greenbrier, Cheat, Tygart Valley, Elk, Gauley, Williams, Cranberry and Cherry. With Knapps Creek, the largest tributary of the Greenbrier, th own in for good measure. Remember, too, the Potomac flows north from our borders and the

the New River native white North Fork Pendleton Co list complete purposes.

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drainage of the noble James is
just over the eastern border.

You know it has ever been our
proud boast that our own Poca-
hontas County never receives a
drop of water other than the pure
heavenly streams of rain and snow.
The exception however, is Pan-
ther Run, over in the Gauley
Wilderness Country. This little
water sprout of a stream heads up
in the twelve mile spur of Ran-
dolph County, lying between
Webster and Pocahontas; point-
ing up on Turkey Mountain,
where the Rebel Trail crosses,
straight away twelve miles to the
mouth of Dry Branch. While
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CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY, AUG. 16, 1945

SOURWOOD

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the other week on sourwood, and
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Webster and Pocahontas; pointing up on Turkey Mountain, where the Rebel Trail crosses, straight away twelve miles to the mouth of Dry Branch. While hating to admit that we are beholden to anyone for even a drink of water, I have never felt the purling waters of Panther Run polluted us one bit, even though its fountain head is in foreign soil.

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Dear Cal:

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the New River, and some of the
native white birch that adorns
North Fork Mountain over in
Pendleton County, we'll call the
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purposes.

Sourwood is a common tree
along the west side of the Alle-
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of the record, let me publish that our own county, a domain of 1,000 square miles, is the source of several of our rivers. Here is the Cheat, Tygart, Elk, Gauley, Willoughby and Cherry. The largest of these is the Greenbrier, which flows in good measure. The Potomac flows along the eastern border and the noble James is on the western border.

It has ever been our boast that our own Pocahontas never receives another drop of rain and snow other than the pure melt of rain and snow however, is Panther in the Gauley country. This little stream heads up a mile spur of Range, lying between Pocahontas; point-turkey Mountain, and the Trail crosses, about twelve miles to the north. While it is true that we are better off for even a drink of water than we have ever felt the water of Panther Run, but even though the head is in foreign

PRICE, EDITOR

F. AUG. 16, 1945

RWOOD

I am interested in your note on sourwood, and I am sure that Pocahontas has about as many of that grows in the mountains. I reckon it ought to be good too. Now if you could get out a little of it with the big corky they have down along

suppose it will be put down as a part of the crankiness naturally to be associated with such a recalcitrant bunch of Republicans. Sourwood is a perfectly good name, however, and will be recognized by all true mountaineers; that sorrel tree name is foreign, good maybe up in Pennsylvania and such distant parts, but unknown in our diggings. Down in north Georgia they call it (because of its blossoms) lilly of the valley tree and that is a right pretty name, even if it is a little poetical.

Sourwood is a member of the heath family, which contains such well known citizens as the rhododendron, mountain laurel, azaleas, cranberries, blueberries, trailing arbutus. On the other side of the water many of our boys have seen the Scottish heather and the bell heather, both members of the same family. This sourwood is the only representative of its group that grows to be a tree, although some of the big stems of rhododendron and mountain laurel are often classified as trees. Sourwood, however, actually makes sawlogs on occasion; just outside Morgantown there is a tree sixteen inches in diameter at breast height. Like all the heaths it is an indicator of sour land, and won't tolerate lime in the soil.

As you intimated, sourwood is one of the three aristocrats of the southern mountains when it comes to producing fine honey, the other two of course being linn and tulip poplar. Both sourwood and tulip make honey that is a little darker, and to my way of thinking, a little richer and more tasty than does the linn. Any one of the three will do to cover your morning biscuits with, however.

Sourwood is immortalized in the old Kentucky reel, "Sourwood Mountain", one of the finest songs for fiddle, guitar, and jew's harp that our mountains have produced. Fact is, I don't know that anyone could rightly claim to have lived a complete life who hasn't "swung his partner" and "circled four" to that tune. As with other things

out-siders to appreciate the Our people will pay two or three dollars for some tree or shrub which isn't half so fine, just the sake of getting something different. Most sourwood grows as shrubs, but it is easy to them to a single stem and small tree. The blossoms are fine, but they lack the sheen of the brilliant wine-red in early fall. That fall color is the crowning glory of the one of the richest touches in the landscape. Just last week the New York Times recognized the plant to its garden readers as one of the fine ornamental trees in North Carolina.

I don't like to think that Pocahontas County people are cheated out of any good thing. I would advise that you encourage all the sourwoods you have. The foresters may call it a weed tree, but it will grow in beauty and in the quantity that it produces.

Sincerely,
Maurice Br...

Cal:

Sorrel tree—to us on our homestead is plain sourwood in abundance along with other members of the heath family. Should we ever be dressed in evergreen, I feel prouder than Generalington when he found the tree in the wilds below.

C. L. S.
Washington, D. C.

CALVIN W. PRICE,

THURSDAY, SEPT.

A War Time So

[Last month Mr. and Mrs. H. Warwick made their farm home at the Deer Creek to their use Greenbank. Among the things they found was a

River, and some of the white birch that adorns Fork Mountain over in County, we'll call the sole to all intents and

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though. Kentucky gets all the credit for the music and the mountain—West Virginia's sourwood is just as good and our dancing livelier. Down there they get a kind of a mournful strain into that air, but on this side of the Big Sandy we really out loose and jar the floor when it is called.

July and early August find the sourwood in flower, the clusters of lily of the valley-like blossoms hanging in an attractive curve that, a few years ago, we might have called "Japanese." Now we get around it by calling it "oriental"; at any rate, the blossom clusters have the same curved lines that I have seen in pictures of Jap—I mean Oriental—temples. There aren't too many native trees and shrubs that bloom in mid-summer, hence this one is all the more noticeable.

Like a lot of other common species, we generally leave it to out-siders to appreciate the plant. Our people will pay two or three dollars for some tree or shrub which isn't half so fine, just for the sake of getting something different. Most sourwoods grow as shrubs, but it is easy to prune them to a single stem and get a small tree. The blossoms are very fine, but they lack the showiness of the brilliant wine-red foliage in early fall. That fall coloration is the crowning glory of the trees, one of the richest touches on our landscape. Just last week the New York Times recommended the plant to its garden-minded readers as one of the finest small ornamental trees in North America.

I don't like to think of Pocahontas County people being cheated out of any good thing, so I would advise that you cherish and encourage all the sourwood you have. The foresters may call it a weed tree, but it will pay its

I don't like to think of Pocatons County people being cheated out of any good thing, so I would advise that you cherish and encourage all the sourwood you have. The foresters may call it a weed tree, but it will pay its way in beauty and in the honey that it produces.

Sincerely,

Maurice Brooks.

HONOR ROLL

Here is the list of those who gave their lives in service in World War II, as prepared by Pocahontas Post, American Legion, and read at the service at Mountain View Cemetery on Memorial Day.

Roll Call of Honored Dead from Pocahontas County as reported to May 15th, 1945:

Miss Decima [McLaughlin, Huntersville

- Thomas Smith, Marlinton
- John Alderman, Huntersville
- Wm. Fertig, Huntersville
- George Shiffler, Marlinton
- Rupert Gibson, Marlinton-Elk
- Carl D. Brock, Hillsboro
- Basil C. Sharp, Marlinton
- Henry Vaughn, Hillsboro
- Harlan Deen, Droop
- John J. Dunn, Watoga
- Owen K. Gillispie, Arbovale
- Andy Hefner, Marlinton
- Clarence Cloonan, Marlinton
- Loris Henry Duncan, Marlinton
- Don C. Roman, Marlinton
- Cecil G. VanKeenan, Marlinton
- William M. Jeffries, Marlinton
- Harold Leland Reed, Marlinton
- Ralph J. Griffin, Marlinton
- Frank E. Barris, Marlinton
- Letcher King, Cass
- Garland Moore, Cass
- Huffman Summerfield, Cass
- Marshall Shinaberry, Cass
- Hubert Mathews, Cass
- James H. McNeill, Buckeye
- George W. Ray, Clover Lick
- Woodrow McLaughlin, Huntersville

- Burley Hively, Huntersville
- Leonard Edwards, Huntersville
- Edgar McCombs, Huntersville
- Eugene Meeks, Stony Bottom
- Emil Grogg, Green Bank
- Paul Friel, Green Bank
- Edward Keith Hudson, Green

Bank

- Samuel B. Hannah, Green Bank
- Everett Curry, Durbin
- Fred Spencer, Bartow
- Clyde J. Williamson, Seebert
- Raymond R. Mullenax, Durbin
- William D. Watts, Durbin
- Letcher McCarty, Frost
- Walter R. Haptonstall, Cass
- Dale Edgar Wilfong, Bartow
- Floyd McLaughlin, Cass
- Samuel Gay, Marlinton
- Eddie Baker, Marlinton
- Elmer Buzzard, Huntersville
- George Cameron Burns, Clover

Lick

ALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY, MAR. 28 1946,

This has been a good maple sugar year. Among other ways I have of telling is a jar of fine molasses from my friend Sam Galford, of Split Rock.

Speaking of ways of telling about things, why pick a black barked hard maple tree for sweet water. The dark color is caused by sap stain. The flow and waste of sap is from sap sucker holes. They pick the sweet trees. Sap suckers, like horse flies, are hard to fool.

So, trees do vary as to sweetness of water. The old rule was to expect an average of about three per cent sugar by weight. In plainer language, expect fifty gallons of water to make a gallon of molasses, which would run around eleven pounds of segar to the gallon. This is good thick syrup of a kind like the old time sugar maker used to say he liked the kind which stayed put on his plate. He did not favor this wild, watery syrup he had to chase to catch with his biscuit.

Up in the granite hills of New England, smart people have quit leaving it to bird sign. but have had chemists sampling hard maple trees to determine by analysis the percentage of sugar in the water of individual trees. Like the sap suckers, the chemists have found the trees to vary greatly. Some trees gave water as low as one percent sugar; others as high as ten percent. The last I heard about the experiment, the scientists had not yet determined for sure whether it was soil or tree which made the great difference. My guess is tree, for I have seen apple trees growing side by side producing sweet and sour apples, and black and light colored sugar maples

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However, I did not mean to branch out and argue. I am merely here to report that if it is scientifically proven that the sweetness is inherent in the tree, some of these days, New England nurseries will be selling us maple sugar trees guaranteed to produce water with ten percent sugar content.

Even in the face of scientific findings, I do not want to go back on the old local saying that a winter of hard freezes made sweeter sugar water. Maybe local lore can be slipped around by showing that by reason of hard freezing a given tree runs more water and therefore produces more sugar.

All this brings us around to the age long wonder about what makes the wheels go around in a hard maple tree to produce sugar water.

The old idea was that the roots took the water from the soil and pushed it up into the tree.

There was another school which guessed that as the tree water was sent out through the leaves this pull still exerted by dormant buds after the crop of leaves had fallen off

All the time, however, we spoke about sugar water weather, knowing full well the trees would not run except during times of frosty nights and warm days.

Now, it comes to me that New England scientists have been experimenting to see what really causes trees to run. They found out it was not roots which pushed nor branches which pulled.

To find out this they cut off a tree above the roots, put the stock in a barrel of water, and the tree produced as good sap as ever. Then they stood the stock up on a rock and there was no run. Then they cut off the branches, sealed the wounds over. The stick failed to produce water when standing on a rock, but when put in a barrel, even upside down there was the usual flow. Then an eight foot section was

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taken out of the middle of the tree—no roots, no buds. When one end was submerged in water during sugar making, the section produced water at the quantity and quality of a growing tree.

The long report winds up with a statement that investigations have proved the tree absorbs water when the wood is freezing on cold nights and warm days when the ice crystals in the wood melt. As proof positive of this procedure, water was noticed to go down in barrels in which sections of maple trees are set.

Writing about sugar camps reminds me that neighbor E. C. Moore recently brought in the remains of a ten foot stump from his sugar camp near town. This high stump, actually ten feet, was cut during the deep and crusted snow of 90 years ago, the hard winter of 1856-7.

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1946

OLD HOME MEMORIES

Dear Cousin Calvin:

Enclosed find money to continue the Times for another year.

For some years I did not see The Times and had forgotten the joy it brings—editorials, field notes, personals, auction sales. I long to go to each auction sale advertised. This must be a bug of some description, for I remember my father liked auctions too.

Recently, while reading one of Cousin Susan's articles, my mind began to bring to the front memories of Pocahontas. We who have moved away probably have stronger and clearer memories of things which were than those who spend their life time among homeland scenes. I started a scrap book with Cousin Susan's article, and I expect to add to it other "Memories of Pocahontas County." My trend of thought ran something like this:

The first sled ride with hot bricks and straw, beautiful team of farm horses, with the bells ringing out in the bracing air of winter.

Then the one horse sleigh, which Jerry, the family horse, found sport in turning over apparently merely to hear us children scream.

Meeting the train at Seebert, especially, when it was Uncle Win, and the thrill of having my favorite uncle in the home.

Sleigh bells and being dumped

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Meeting the train at Seebert, especially, when it was Uncle Win, and the thrill of having my favorite uncle in the home.

Sleigh bells, and being dumped in the snow, the memory still sets me a tingle with joy.

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The time of the busted boiler of the heating plant at the school building, so we could not go to school. Snow and ice covered the ground, and I got stranded in Millpoint at Cousin Tom Beard's. What a wonderful time we had. Cousin Tom and his fun; Aunt Sally Stewart and her stories; also food "to the young-uns' taste."

Then the many memories of Christmas. The tree in the church; oranges, like I have never smelled since; candy in little boxes made like houses; Mr. Enoch Moore singing Christmas carols.

The outstanding Christmas was the year Dad was Santa Clause at

the church tree. A suit had been ordered for him to wear. We watched the mail daily. This was no hardship on me for I loved Mr Tom Smith, the mail man, so I would walk to the opposite side of Hillsboro to meet him in the afternoon and ride back in the mail hack. The suit did not come, so Liza Hinkle, Aunt Sally Florence Tibbs and no telling who all helped sew cotton all around his blue sweater. He was superb; the most perfect Santa Claus.

Then Christmas dinner at the home of Aunt Julia and Uncle Lee McLaughlin, with more thoughts of school and playmates too numerous to mention.

Now for spring time. The beautiful dandelions; coming from school and picking every one I could find; hearing something, I looked up—Gypsies! Did I run! All the king's horses and all the king's men could not have caught me. As I screamed for Liza, she came to the front gate, picked me up, carried me into the house and locked the doors. The Gypsies went on by. So I ate my lunch and went back to school. On my return home the Gypsies were camped in the field below the house. Typical of my father, Dad would give the shirt off his back and be kind and gentle to all who came to him in want.

It was in the war spring of 1917. We children were playing

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It was in the war spring of 1917. We children were playing on the school lawn. An old man came by, terribly big, whiskers, and, according to us children, he talked German. We all ran into the school rooms, yelling there is a spy out there; we cannot understand him. That day at lunch time each little child was escorted home by a teacher or high school boy. When I went into house there sat the old man in front of our open Franklin stove, warming his hands. Liza said he was kin to Grandpa McElwee. So, I, the big one, went back to school. Don't be afraid, he is a cousin of mine.

Truthfully, from that day to this the phrase, he is a cousin of mine, has been used by me more than any other one complete phrase—they, him, she is a cousin of mine. I love kin folks; that is why I like Pocahontas.

Another spring memory is the apple orchard in bloom. House cleaning with everything out in the yard. Mr. Sydney Payne's runaway horse. It ran into the gate post at Cousin George Callison's. That post had a nest of robins in it. I was not worried over the rider, nor the horse nor the post. I almost fainted trying to get to the poor mother bird and her four young. They survived the shock and lived to fly from the nest.

The many fires which happened in the spring. Worst of all, sitting in church on Sunday morning, Aunt Matt Tibbs came in

and called Fire, Fire! Dad was the first out. She told him it was his house. He gave a long whis-

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tle and Jerry, the family horse,
responded by breaking the hitch-
ing strap and coming tearing with
the surrey behind him. Dad
jumped in and was off.

Some nice girl took my hand
and led me home with her. I
saw the fire from their window.
Then I went to the home of Aunt
Julia, singing "Go tell Aunt
Nancy" to my little brother Hop,
whom I adored. I was worried,
afraid he would miss his home.

Church has a big place in my
memories; summer, fall, all too
many to put down in this chap-
ter.

There was the wedding recep-
tion of Cousin Mary Edgar Beard,
when the guests got sick. The
death of little brother, Andrew
Mathews. The wedding of Lau-
ra Callison Edgar. Blood hounds
to track a thief. Looking at the
Fortune Book; put a drop of ink,
fold the paper and behold an im-
print of your spinal column. Miss
Anna Wallace. Mr. and Mrs.
Mathew John McNeel. How she
would profit living today in this
"battery hearing" time. She sat
on a shawl in church and had a
black ear trumpet. She was very
popular with us children; we lov-
ed to yell into the trumpet.

Then rabbit hunting in the fall
with Dad and Mr. Browning. We
used a ferret too. We thought
that great sport.

Eating salt risen bread, butter,
and apple butter and drinking

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Then rabbit hunting in the fall with Dad and Mr. Browning. We used a ferret too. We thought that great sport.

Eating salt risen bread, butter, and apple butter and drinking fresh butter milk at Florence Tibbs', who lived on the place.

Getting ready for the horse show in the fall. This is a separate chapter in my life. As I tell the children stories of the horse show and the different people remembered in connection therewith, they think it near a book.

Then I feel sorry for the people who have never known the thrill of riding a horse just before a summer storm. How he quivers, and gets tense, as he wants to head for home and beat the storm. The hail catches you, the gingham dress is cut from your back, fear arises in you. Pangs for home, but thrilled to the toes with wild excitement, as you ride at mad speed. People are running to get in their turkeys; shutting windows. You do not care, you are wet already. Your horse lays himself down in real running. There is no race track; only the whip of lightning, the urging on of thunder, and the stinging of rain. Is there any other thrill to compare?

Then I feel sorry for the child who knows no horses, traps, surries, spring wagons, carts, sulkies and buggies. Also for the person who does not remember the first car which came to town. I had been up town for the evening mail, just after dusk. We had been reading of monsters with eyes as big as dinner plates, and which breathed out fire and smoke, and roared. This night I saw it coming right up the big road! It was between me and home. I was right beside a bobbed wire fence. Forgetting all

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about clothes, I went over. It made no difference; if the dragon caught me, the clothes would go anyway. As I lay, my heart pounded on the ground. The dragon shook the earth. The world was flying around, so I asked the Lord to help me. He did. The dragon went on without smelling me. I was finally able to arise and, shaking, I crept home. Every one was on the porch looking at the dragon. My father, whom I adored, said he was going to get one as soon as they were sold here. Daddy, you, a dragon? No, an automobile!

Then Chautauqua week. It took us eight hours for the round trip of a couple dozen of miles from Hillsboro and Marlinton and back, ending by getting home at midnight on four rims, and singing at the top of our voices.

I was so sorry to see in the Times about the illness of Aunt Matt Tibbs. She is a faithful servant of her Maker and the friend of all.

Sincerely your cousin,
Katherine McL. Groseclose,
Eight Acres, Route 4,
Roanoke, Virginia.

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY, DEC. 12, 1946

THURSDAY, FEB. 20, 1947

Some Local History

I

In the year 1765, Indians from the Ohio Valley raided the Mayse home a few miles from Bath Alum, on the Cowpasture River, in what is now Bath County, Virginia. It was then Augusta County. Mrs. Mayse, her thirteen year old son, Joseph, a white girl whose name is now unknown, a Mrs. Sloan and her infant were carried away prisoners.

Crossing the Warm Springs Mountain, the Indians camped on Muddy Run, about five miles northeast of Warm Springs. The second night they camped at the mouth of Little Back Creek, now Mountain Grove.

Here the boy prisoner was placed to sleep between two warriors. He was made uncomfortable by a large root of a tree. He took one of the Indians by the hand and placed it on the cause of his misery. The Indian gave the boy a softer place to sleep.

The third day, the party crossed the Alleghenies and camped on Knapps Creek, half way between Huntersville and Marlinton, now known as Kramer's Camp.

Early on the fourth day, just after crossing Greenbrier River, at Marlin Ford, where the tannery is now, the Indians and their prisoners were overtaken by a pursuing party. The infant, a little girl of a few weeks, was dashed to death by the Indians upon the first alarm that they were being pursued.

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were being pursued.

Joseph Mayse, the young pris-
oner, was on a pack horse. The
horse became frightened when the
skirmish opened, ran off, and got
tangled in some grape vines. The
boy was pulled off in a thicket of
nettles. The Indians were so
closely pressed they had not time
to turn and kill the boy.

The Indians were pursued for
some distance up Indian Draft but
were not overtaken. On their
return the men picked up the
boy, still in the nettles near the
fording and took him back to the
settlement on the Cowpasture
River.

The body of the little child,
who had been dashed to death
against a tree, was buried near
where the State Road crosses Mar-
lin Run, a few hundred yards
from where the Court House of
Pocahontas County now stands.
This little grave has ever been
said to be that of the first English
speaking white child buried west
of the Alleghany Mountains.

Mrs. Mayse, Mrs. Sloan and
the nameless white girl were taken
to the Indian towns near Chili-
cothe, Ohio; a distance of about
275 miles from Marlinton by the
route taken by the Indians. From
thence they made their ways to-
wards Detroit. By the aid of

friendly Indians they received directions, and finally reached Western Pennsylvania, and thence home. They were gone about fifteen months.

About nine years after his rescue from the Indians at Marlin Ford, Joseph Mayse was a soldier in the Battle of Point Pleasant, October 11, 1774. He was severely wounded. His mother, on hearing where her wounded boy was being cared for, went with a led horse two hundred and fifteen miles and brought him home early in November. That distance from the Cowpasture settlement would probably run out about the fort at Charleston.

Forty-six years after the battle of Point Pleasant Joseph Mayse suffered the amputation of his leg above the knee from the wound he received in battle.

Joseph Mayse for nearly fifty years served as a magistrate of Bath County, and was high sheriff for two terms. He died in April, 1840, in his 89th year.

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY, FEB. 27, 1947

Some Local History

II

Along about the year 1750, there was organized in the Colony of Virginia a land company known as the Greenbrier Company. The organizers pushed the enterprise over the Governor, King and Council by the intimation the waters of Greenbrier River flowed to the Atlantic as tributary to the James. It took a couple of years or more for the Six Civilized Indian Nations to convince the King and Council that the Greenbrier River flowed to the Mississippi as Western Waters; land guaranteed as Indian territory under the Treaty of the Long House at Albany in the year 1722.

Before the Greenbrier Company promoters could be flagged down, I know of two land surveys made in the Greenbrier Valley in the year 1751. One was at Marlinton and the other at Renick. Of course, there were others. The survey at Marlinton came to light after 1777, when General Andrew Lewis took up about 600 acres here under that particular survey.

In the year 1751 Colonel Andrew Lewis and Colonel John Stuart came here to survey for the Greenbrier Company. At the place known as Greenbrier, they found two residents, Jacob Marlin and Stephen Sewell.

Colonel Stuart, later Clerk of the Courts when Greenbrier County was formed, wrote about the meeting up with Marlin and Sewell at Marlius Bottom. Marlin was living in a cabin on Marlin Run on the east bank of Knapps Creek, a couple hundred yards from where the Court

House is now. The two men had tried to winter in the same cabin. Sewell told Colonel Stuart they had differed in sentiment and he had moved off across a slough to a large hollow sycamore tree. It turned out to be a good arrangement, for the men were on speaking terms again.

This tree was near the present residence of Marion Burr. A hundred years later it was still standing. About 1840, it was topped to avoid shading of grain crops. The rest of the tree was used by soldiers for camp fires in 1861. The cavity could shelter five or six persons.

The men fell out, Sewell told Colonel Lewis, about their religion. There is tradition that "immersion" was the subject of contention. It is more than probable that one was a conformist and the other a non-conformist to the thirty-nine articles of the Established Church of England.

Two men in Marlinton was just one too many, so for further peace Stephen Sewell soon moved off, eight miles away, to the cave at the head of Stephen Hole Run, near Millpoint. Later he went forty miles further on to Sewell Creek in now western Greenbrier County. There he was found and slain by Indians.

The tradition is that Jacob Marlin went to what is now Randolph County and took up lands after the Revolutionary War. However, I have not yet found the name, Jacob Marlin, in connection with Randolph County, but there was a Jacob Martin over there.

In the survey, one of the calls, heading eastward from (1) (2) (3) (4) (5) (6) (7) (8) (9) (10) (11) (12) (13) (14) (15) (16) (17) (18) (19) (20) (21) (22) (23) (24) (25) (26) (27) (28) (29) (30) (31) (32) (33) (34) (35) (36) (37) (38) (39) (40) (41) (42) (43) (44) (45) (46) (47) (48) (49) (50) (51) (52) (53) (54) (55) (56) (57) (58) (59) (60) (61) (62) (63) (64) (65) (66) (67) (68) (69) (70) (71) (72) (73) (74) (75) (76) (77) (78) (79) (80) (81) (82) (83) (84) (85) (86) (87) (88) (89) (90) (91) (92) (93) (94) (95) (96) (97) (98) (99) (100) (101) (102) (103) (104) (105) (106) (107) (108) (109) (110) (111) (112) (113) (114) (115) (116) (117) (118) (119) (120) (121) (122) (123) (124) (125) (126) (127) (128) (129) (130) (131) (132) (133) (134) (135) (136) (137) (138) (139) (140) (141) (142) (143) (144) (145) (146) (147) (148) (149) (150) (151) (152) (153) (154) (155) (156) (157) (158) (159) (160) (161) (162) (163) (164) (165) (166) (167) (168) (169) (170) (171) (172) (173) (174) (175) 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tion. It is more than prob-
ble that one was a conformist and
the other a non-conformist to the
thirty-nine articles of the Estab-
lished Church of England.

Two men in Marlinton was
just one too many, so for further
peace Stephen Sewell soon moved
off, eight miles away, to the cave
at the head of Stephen Hole Run,
near Millpoint. Later he went
forty miles further on to Sewell
Creek in now western Greenbrier
County. There he was found and
slain by Indians.

The tradition is that Jacob
Marlin went to what is now Ran-
dolph County and took up lands
after the Revolutionary War.
However, I have not yet found
the name, Jacob Marlin, in con-
nection with Randolph County,
but there was a Jacob Martin
over there.

In the survey, one of the calls,
heading eastward from Green-
brier River, down at Stillwall, is
for the low place in the mounain,
passing over the Ewing cabin and
thence to a point now in the Lo-
cusc Hill dairy farm of Z. S.
Smith, Jr.

I take this cabin to have been
built by James Ewing. I do not
recall anything in the writings of
Colonel John Steuart about this
Ewing cabin. I have wondered
if it could have been possible in
transcribing the surveyor's field
notes Ewing Creek was changed
to Ewing Cabin.

In the earlier papers Knapps
Creek was Ewing Creek, and
James Ewing did live for at least
a part of the year on his place on
Upper Knapps Creek, where Mrs.
Price Moore now resides. He
sold his claim to this land holding
about 1770 to Moses Moore.

Talking about this so-called re-
ligious fuss between the first sett-
lers, my teaching, preaching fa-
ther, who never failed an oppor-
tunity to point a moral lesson,
would quote:

"Against her foes religion well

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However, I have not yet found the name, Jacob Marlin, in connection with Randolph County, but there was a Jacob Martin over there.

In the survey, one of the calls, heading eastward from Greenbrier River, down at Stillwell, is for the low place in the mountain, passing over the Ewing cabin and thence to a point now in the Locust Hill dairy farm of Z. S. Smith, Jr.

I take this cabin to have been built by James Ewing. I do not recall anything in the writings of Colonel John Steuart about this Ewing cabin. I have wondered if it could have been possible in transcribing the surveyor's field notes Ewing Creek was changed to Ewing Cabin.

In the earlier papers Knapps Creek was Ewing Creek, and James Ewing did live for at least a part of the year on his place on Upper Knapps Creek, where Mrs. Price Moore now resides. He sold his claim to this land holding about 1770 to Moses Moore.

Talking about this so-called religious fuss between the first settlers, my teaching, preaching father, who never failed an opportunity to point a moral lesson, would quote:

“Against her foes religion well
defends
Her sacred truths, but often fears
her friends;
If learned, their pride; if weak,
their zeal she dreads,
And their heart's weakness who
have soundest heads;

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But most she fears the controversial pen,
The holy strife of his disputatious men,
Who the blest Gospel's peaceful page explore,
Only to fight against its precepts more."

Writing about Stephen Hole Run, there is the local story of the paymaster of a certain Ohio regiment running off with the monthly payroll and hiding in the cave. The regiment was here in the fall of 1863. Whether at the battle of Droop Mountain in October or on the retreat from the raid on Salem, Virginia, in December, I never heard. Anyway the story had it this paymaster took some twenty thousand dollars and hid it away in the cave at the head of Stephen Hole Run. He must have returned and carried away his loot. At least I never heard of it being found.

Some years ago in reading "The Tragic Era," by Hon. Claude Bowers, I was especially interested in an item about the Carpet-bag Governor of a certain southern state being accused of stealing the soldiers' payroll, when paymaster of an Ohio regiment.

Some Local History

III

The earlier years made mention of Knapps Creek, the largest tributary of Greenbrier River, as Ewing Creek. The name Ewing was for James Ewing. Against orders of King, Council and Colonial Governor, he, like many

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Some Local History

III

The earlier years made mention of Knapps Creek, the largest tributary of Greenbrier River, as Ewing Creek. The name Ewing was for James Ewing. Against orders of King, Council and Colonial Governor, he, like many others, settled west of the Alleghanics, to move back across the mountain when threatened by hostile Indians. The Ewing lands on Knapp Creek are now held in part by Mrs. Price Moore. The sale to Moses Moore took place about 1770, and part of the consideration was a bear trap.

In the early 1760's a man by the name of Naphthalem Gregory was in the Greenbrier Valley, trapping furs and hunting. His camp was up in the limestone on Browns Mountain side, some where near the Hevener Dilley farm. One day he was out bear hunting, and on his return he found a band of renegade whites, dressed as Indians, robbing his camp of his catch of furs. In the ensuing fight Gregory was killed. The outlaws knew of a sink hole with water in it about half a mile away, and they dragged the body, to dispose of it there. In the mean time Gregory's dog's came back from the bear chase. They took the trail made by dragging their master's dead body and ran it in full tongue. They came upon the robbers and murderers at the pond. The dogs attacked so savagely, the men killed them in self defense, and threw them in the water hole too.

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Who told about all this, tradition is silent. I do know that the records of Augusta County Court show that Naphthalem Gregory did come up missing about the year 1763.

Then the records and land grants entered after 1777 began to make mention of Naps Creek. Then in the early 1800's a family by the name of Knapp moved up from Greenbrier county and soon the spelling of the name of the Creek in the record begins to appear as Knapps instead of Naps.

On a certain night each fall during the hunters moon, if you happen to be at the right place at the right time and blessed with second hearing, you can still hear the phantom hounds of poor Naphthalem Gregory going full mouth on the trail of their master's dragged body, to end in silence at the water hole.

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1947

NOTE: In the Marlin and Sewell piece of a few weeks ago, I sure pulled one boner. I had it down that Colonel John Stuart was along with Colonel Andrew Lewis at Marlinton that June day in 1751.

...however,
John Stuart is the one
who did write the record of the
trip.

Some Local History

IV

The defeat of General Braddock by the French and Indians in 1755 had kept hunters, trappers and adventurers generally pretty well out of the frontier valley of the Greenbrier. Then the taking of Fort Duquesne by General Andrew Lewis in 1758 had restored confidence somewhat. So by the fall of 1759, hunters from the settlement on the Cow pasture River began to come over the mountains to the Western Waters for supply of winter meat, and even to live.

One of these pioneer hunters was Samuel Givens. He crossed three divides and made his camp near the Big Spring on the head of Elk River near the Warriors Road or Seneca Trail, now U. S. Route 219.

One day Givens in his hunt came upon a man so weak from starvation he was almost dead. He was without clothes, and had taken shelter in the top of a fallen tree. The pioneer was well versed in what to do for a starving man, and nursed and fed him back to health. He could understand no word he said. At the end of the hunt, he put the man

on one of his pack horses, and took him to the home of Colonel Dickinson, near Windy Cove Church.

The stranger was made welcome in the Dickinson home. At first there could be no communication between him and his host, but the man was a scholar. With writing material he set to work to learn the language. From a book he would copy a word, show it to someone of the household. They would pronounce the word and show him the object it represented. The tradition is that in a month the man had a fair working knowledge of English, and before winter was over he was a fluent speaker.

His name was Selim, a native of Algeria, the son of a Turkish army officer, and grandson of a desert chieftain. He had been sent to school at Constantinople. On his way home the ship was captured by a Spanish privateer. Later a French man-of-war caught the privateer, and took over prisoners including Selim. The French came on to New Orleans, and Selim and the other prisoners were sold as slaves to Louisiana planters.

Imagine the position of a desert born nobleman, totally unfitted for manual labor, being beaten by a rough neck overseer, trying to get some work out of him.

Escaping from the plantations, Selim shaped his course to the northeast. He knew about the

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were sold as slaves to Louisiana planters.

Imagine the position of a desert born nobleman, totally unfitted for manual labor, being beaten by a rough neck overseer, trying to get some work out of him.

Escaping from the plantations, Selim shaped his course to the northeast. He knew about the English colonies, and he also knew England was the only country represented in America to be at peace with Algeria. Somewhere he fell in with those wide roving Shawnees, taken prisoner by them and brought by easy stages to their towns in the region of Chillicothe, in the State of Ohio. This was easy time for a desert born man.

In the Shawnee towns were some white woman prisoners. He learned through signs the English countries, from whence they had been taken, were due east.

In the fall of 1759 Selim set forth to walk to the settled portions of Virginia. He lived on roots, herbs, berries, nuts. The snows came early and scarcity of food made him weak to cope with hardships of a highland wilderness. By the time he had reached Pocahontas County, with in twenty miles of a safe refuge in the early settlements on the Greenbrier, he crawled into the top of a fallen tree, there to surrender to peril and privation.

There Samuel Givens found him, to nurse him back to life.

At the spring court, Selim was taken to Staunton. Here he came face to face with the Rev. John Craig, D. D., the venerable pastor of the Old Stone Church of the Valley of Virginia. Selim went to him and said "Sir, I am going home with you."

planners of Alger intelligent and gentleman, began about going home in the country of

To make a long friends put up him to Williams England, thence all the times and Algeria was then when it came to tian converts. ed to be able to ly did go. throo furnace would h ant place to lie d son. In a few n Williamsbur worn and more He was commi house.

Then fortune mind became peaceful atmos pital; the prof and Mary Coll that Selim was the classics. C took him to i to spend the r useful life.

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Asked for an explanation, Selim said he had seen a vision in his starving time, where a great crowd of people in a strange country, like the one he was now in, were seeking the way to life. Nearly all of them when they

reached a certain point fell into a chasm and were seen no more. A few went around to one side where an aged man told them how to reach the place of the heart's desire. Such men by following his instructions came safely through. He recognized in Dr. Craig the old man he had seen in his vision. He, Selim, desired to go with him to learn the meaning of his vision.

At the home of Dr. Craig, Selim was shown a Greek New Testament, then as now a part of the equipment of every minister. He read it as to the manner born, and here he received additional light on salvation through Christ. Soon he was examined by the Session of the Old Stone Church as to his religious experience, and admitted as a member to that band of iron-sides.

Popular and well liked by the pioneers of Augusta, the brave, intelligent and highly educated gentleman, began to wonder about going home to play his part in the country of his birth.

To make a long story short, his friends put up the means, sent him to Williamsburg, thence to England, thence to Algeria. Of all the times and of all the places

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To make a long story short, his friends put up the means, sent him to Williamsburg, thence to England, thence to Algeria. Of all the times and of all the places, Algeria was then easily the worst when it came to torture of Christian converts. Selim never seemed to be able to tell what he really did go through, but a fiery furnace would have been a pleasant place to lie down in comparison. In a few years he was back in Williamsburg, haggard and worn and more than half crazy. He was committed to the mad house.

Then fortune favored him. His mind became soothed by the peaceful atmosphere of the hospital; the professors of William and Mary College became aware that Selim was deeply learned in the classics. Governor John Page took him to his home, Roswell, to spend the rest of his long and useful life.

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Some Local History

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Some Local History

V

In the year 1784, the Indians
made their last raid into what is
now Pocahontas County. Three
men were killed. Henry Baker
was shot at the Lawrence Drin-
non home on Greenbrier River
about a mile above the mouth of
Stony Creek—near the site of
the cattle barn on the Fair Gro-
unds. He and Richard Hill were
going to the river to wash and
prepare for breakfast. Nathan,
a colored man belonging to Law-
rence Drinnon, notified the set-
tlers in the Levels. A party of
men came to the relief of the
Drinnons. On their return they

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joined by the Moore and Waddell families, who would take refuge in the fort on Stamping Creek. The site of the fort is now the residence of J. Lanty McNeel at Millpoint.

In the rescuing party were John and James Bridger. They followed the Seneca Trail or Warrior's Road. Near the present residence of Prof. G. D. McNeil, the party divided. The women and children and most of the men kept on the trail which Route 219 follows. The two Bridger boys and Nathan went across the ridge through the Notch, with the idea of killing a deer to piece out the supply of provisions at the fort.

Indians were concealed in a clump of lynn saplings growing out of a decaying stump of a tree which had been cut for sugar troughs. Two shots were fired in quick succession. John fell mortally wounded. James, untouched, ran on through the Notch, closely pursued by an Indian. Just at the foot of the mountain was a straight path, and here the Indian shot him in the back.

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Nathan had stopped to fasten

which had been cut for sugar troughs. Two shots were fired in quick succession, John fell mortally wounded. James, untouched, ran on through the Notch, closely pursued by an Indian. Just at the foot of the mountain was a straight path, and here the Indian shot him in the back.

Nathan had stopped to fasten his moccasins, and was thus out of reach. He scolded the Indians for murdering the young men, and escaped unhurt.

The Indians were heard uttering war whoops above the Notch; these were answered by whoops on Gillian Mountain, and then there were whoops from near the head of Stamping Creek. By the time the refugees reached the fort, all danger was over.

The bodies of the young men were brought to the fort and a grave prepared for them on the small overlooking Millpoint.

Henry Baker, who was also killed, was doing a job of clearing for Lawrence Drisnon. Richard Hill was employed as a carpenter to raise the house a story higher and put on a new roof. The school teacher in the family was named Patrick Slater. The school house manse was across Stony Creek, from Campbelltown.

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY, APRIL 24, 1867

Some Local History

VIII

Without doubt the most hated

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emphasis on
play acting of beating
shirt on a rock. Us historians
know that wash day blues had
their origin back in those ancient
days; that beating clothes with a
stick furnished an escape valve
and outward expression for deep
inward feeling.

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY, NOV. 6, 1947

In repairing their home on Elk Mountain, Mr. and Mrs. Reed Gay found behind a ceiling a copy of the Pocahontas Times, dated Friday, May 27, 1898. It was addressed to Samuel Gay, Senior, and the handwriting was that of my father, the late Dr. W. T. Price.

A news piece of special importance was a graphic account of John and Andrew Moore seeing a big panther on the south fork of Cranberry, about a half mile up from the forks.

Some time before E. H. Patterson had seen the tracks of the varmint in a deer trail.

In those days, like now, there was a June term of the Circuit Court, and the paper was filled with legal advertisements—some five columns—and the paper was as big then as it is now.

The next week would be held the primary election of the democratic party. The office contested for was County Superintendent of Schools. The candidates were James W. Warwick, J. B. Grimes and W. R. Sutton, all deceased, and J. A. McLaughlin. The winner was the Confederate veteran, Mr. Warwick.

There were display advertisements of stores, farm machinery, buggies and bicycles. R. B. Slaven was advertising lightning rods; M. C. Gatewood farm machinery; G. W. Mann a stable horse; A. C. Barlow had lost his black shepherd driving dog, with

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yellow legs; J. C. Harper store
goods at Frost; L. D. Sharp the
name at Slaty Fork, S. J. Payne,
at Hillsboro. There was a line of
patent medicines, too.

In the local column mention is
made that Dr. H. W. McNeel has
had the mumps. William Baxter
has moved to his farm, and A. R.
Gay has moved into the house he
vacated.

Miss Anna Wallace was in town
on Friday.

Mrs. Lanty Herold and little
son, Moser and Miss Merta Her-
old (now Mrs. Price Moore) were
visiting friends in Buena-Vista,
Virginia.

T. S. McNeel had qualified as
administrator of the estate of
John J. Beard.

A. S. Overholt and family were
home from Missouri.

Eggs were advertised at 8 cents
a dozen; hams 10 cents a pound,
butter 12 1-2 cents a pound, shoul-
ders 9 cents, lard 8 cents, hens 5
cents a pound, wheat \$1, corn 75
cents, potatoes 75 cents a bushel.

The Spanish American war was
on. Editorial mention was made
about the government calling out
more troops than could possibly
be used.

The marriage reported for the
week was that of Elbert Simmons
and Miss Cornelia Kellison at
Backeye. Mr. Simmons is now
dead. Mrs. Simmons lives in
New York State.

A man came out of the woods
to inquire of a lawyer: "What is
this I hear since I came to town
about a war going on? Who
were we fighting and how long
have we been at it?"

One of the horrors of war is
the gush of poetry which seems
then to spring spontaneously

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Eggs were advertised at 8 cents a dozen; hams 10 cents a pound, butter 12 1-2 cents a pound, shoulders 9 cents, lard 8 cents, hens 5 cents a pound, wheat \$1, corn 75 cents, potatoes 75 cents a bushel.

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One of the horrors of war is the gush of poetry which seems then to spring spontaneously. Here is one verse of about a dozen of a poem in the old paper:

In the future generations,
When the war has ceased to be,
The child of the Cuban Republic
Will learn at its mother's knee
How the hopes of the gallant in-
surgents,
Nearly crushed by the hands of
Spain
Came back from the very throes
of death
On the sinking of the Maine.

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY, OCT. 16, 1947

THE GREENBRIER VALLEY
(By Maurice Brooks)

Some years ago I attended as an observer and quite by accident, a meeting of the "brass

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spruce left on the state. This is a show place for foresters. The trees stand tall and straight, and they are unbelievably close together. Here one can see what the original spruce forest really was.

Near Durbin, so far as the main river is concerned, the realm of the trout ends, and that of the black bass begins. Of course there is much good trout water in the tributaries lower down, but the bass hold undisputed sway clear down to the river's mouth, near Hinton. Few bass streams in the county have a more faithful following.

The bass, by the way, have had an interesting history. When the forests were cut, floods came, and with them pollution from sawmills, tanneries and other industrial plants. New roads opened up the country, and the fishermen, in ever increasing numbers, gathered for the sport. The inevitable happened—the fish population began to suffer.

The decrease has been a headache for fish technicians, and they have tried many things to restore the bass. A few years ago, noticing that a forage fish, natural food of bass, were in short numbers, they tried introducing minnows of various species. This has seemed to work pretty well, and fishermen tell me that bass are coming back in the Greenbrier. Perhaps man, working with nature to restore the food balance has found the answer to the problem.

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flowers grow in profusion.

Below Durbin, once a mighty
lumber center, the Greenbrier
flows just at the foot of the
Cheat Range known as "Back
Allegheny." Higher and higher
the spruce clad peaks rise, until
they climax at Bald Knob, 4,824
feet above the sea. This is one of
the great wilderness regions of
the state.

The village of Cass owes its ex-
istence to lumber. It was built
to serve the great sawmill, once
the state's largest, and still an ex-
tensive operation. When the
American Museum of Natural
History, in New York, wished to
prepare a habitat exhibit display-
ing the eastern wild turkey, it
concluded that the birds of Poca-
hontas county might be of the
purest strain to be found in the
country. Workers were sent to
Cass, collections were made, and
visitors to New York may see
today the magnificent group of
turkeys which is one of the Mu-
seum's prize exhibits.

While still in Pocahontas coun-
ty, the Greenbrier passes Seelye's
State Forest, the town of Marlinton,
and Watoga State Park. I

cannot pass by Marlinton with-
out mention of the Prices, Cal
and his brother, the late Andy,
who have for years been my
mentors on Pocahontas and its

The e Ain't No G In Marlinton

By Andrew Price

A smart and stylish man was he,
He had a college-bought degree,
He wished to buy some timber land,
And so he took his pen in hand,
But when it all was said and done,
He hurt his friend in Marlinton,
He did a capital crime you see,
Spelling Marlinton with a G

There ain't no G in Marlinton,
There ain't no G in Marlinton,
There ain't no G in Marlinton,
There ain't no G in Marlinton.

Jacob Marlin, a hunter bold,
Settled here in days of old,
He camped in a hollow tree,
And spelled his name with nary G.
His partner, a hunter, also came,
Stephen B Sewell, was his name,
The year was seventeen fifty-one,
They founded the town of Marlinton.

While they dwelt in solitude,
Sewell got in an ugly mood;
He took his knife and on a tree,
But M A R L I N G
Then Jacob Marlin, mighty quick,
Fell on him like a thousand brick,
For it always riled his family,
For folks to spell the name with G.

Old Jacob Marlin died in bed,
Sewell—the Indians killed him dead.
It was an awful fate, but he
Was prone to use the extra G.
Let all take warning from his fate,
And when our town they designate,
They sure must mind their p's and q's
This awful G we can't excuse.

tree will be perpetuated, not by memories alone, but by its fruits.

John Barlow

Among the papers of Mrs. Deemie Barlow Galford was found the following obituary notice of her grandfather, John Barlow, written by the late Samuel Young and published in the Methodist Recorder:

"A few items in memory of an old friend and devoted christian, John Barlow, who departed this life January 23, 1866, was born November 26, 1781; joined the M. E. Church in 1803; was married December 18, 1804, to Martha Waddell who survives her husband. He was a class leader for a number of years, and a regular as the sun would rise and set he would have family prayer morning and evening. His son, N. G. Barlow, writes he had seen his father sit on his chair and pray when he could not bow the knee on account of rheumatism. No throng of business was so great as to hinder him from family devotion.

"His family consisted of fifteen children; while he lived to see sixty-three grand-children. He was a farmer by occupation. Like Nimrod, he was a great hunter. He had killed as many as sixty deer of an autumn, and as many as six in a single day. During his life he killed 1200 to 1500 deer, besides many bears.

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• "His family consisted of fifteen children; while he lived to see sixty-three grand-children. He was a farmer by occupation. Like Nimrod, he was a great hunter. He had killed as many as sixty deer of an autumn, and as many as six in a single day. During his life he killed 1200 to 1500 deer, besides many bears, panthers, wolves, etc. A short time before he died he was asked if he would like to live his life over again. He answered No, but said some times he would like to go to a certain woods and take another hunt.

"It was my favored lot to be acquainted with this old soldier of the Cross. From earliest recollection, I have ever loved him as a father. His family always seemed to me like brothers and sisters.

"I delivered at his house the last discourse on Sacred Writ heard by this father in Israel. I took for a subject Jacob's blessing conferred on his sons. He raised a better family than old Jacob did. He lived to see all of his children religious and honorably settled in life; another verification of the the truth of God's Word: Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old he will not depart from it.

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"This old pioneer of religious morals will be greatly missed by a large circle of kindred and friends. No one can supply his place. He has gone to reap a rich harvest which he long since planted and has cultivated for more than three score years. Let me die the death of the righteous and let my last end be like his."

From Missouri

663 Oak Street
Webster Groves, Mo.
January 27, 1948

Dear Mr. Price:

Your kind words for the "proud shire" of Monroe and its people are honey in my cup. I always think of "Old" Monroe as my gent'e mo'her and the Valley of Peters Mountain as my cradle, for there I first saw the light, February 4, 1869. That light has been my pilot up and down and around the earth; and, as the light burns low, the memories of childhood, friends and home brighten.

My mother taught me to "say

time. They can only carry
one man out of twenty-five pres-
ent for duty. I will come home
as soon as I can. May Heaven
bless you."

THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1948

This here piece is cut from that
there constipated Yankee Maga-
zine with the up and going name,
"The American Mercury."

Driving slowly along a moun-
tain road in West Virginia, a
motorist suddenly jams on his
brakes as a landslide hits the road
ahead of him. It piles onto the
highway in a terrifying explosion
of dirt and boulders. Then, as
the driver sits horrified, a gaun-
bill-billy crawls out from the de-
bris. He waves through the spir-
aling cloud of dust, and yells
"Consarn it! That's the fourth
time this morning. I've fell outta
that cornfield—and I've got eleven
more rows to grub!"

Yes, sir, I knowed this impor-
tant person well—none other than
old Pell Hokum. The family came
here from that colony of low cun-
ning, Connecticut, away back in
Indian times. Them Hokums
what could spell, spelled the name
Halcomb. How somever, it soon
dropped down to Hokum. It
remaineth to this day, outsidein.

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the soft, wavey branch of the family down in the settlements. They are holding again for Holcomb. Nobody is holding that against them either. It is no fitting thing to call a man out of his name; spell it how he may.

The first Hokum passed by the rich river bottoms, the fertile sheep land, the grassy peniplain—all to be had for the settling. He took up in a hollow in the flank of a high steep mountain, to be called ever after High Hokum. Its white pine, beech and birch may have reminded him of the northern hardwood mixture of his native Berkshires of the then old New England. It might have been a preverse spirit prompting the old boy to persist in the sorry endeavor to wrest a living from the steep and rock bound flanks of High Hokum. The steadfast mountain spirit has kept eight generations of Hokums on these meager pickings, to tumble now and again from its then precipitous sides.

While it has been a case of chain lightning against blue gum, as the saying is, some how or other, I still hold to the sporting hope there will always be a Hokum to tickle the spare ribs of Hokum and tumble from his steep and meager ancestral holdings, only to

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generations of Hokums on these meager pickings, to tumble now and again from its then percipitous sides.

While it has been a case of chain lightning against blue gum, as the saying is, some how or other, I still hold to the sporting hope there will always be a Hokum to tickle the spare ribs of Hokum and tumble from his steep and meager ancestral holdings, only to get up and at it again.

And yet that there piece of vauporizing of the American Mercury has affrontery to tell a waiting world that practically no one of importance has come from West Virginia. Important to whom? The Hokums and us snakes generally are important to ourselves. This is what counts in the long run.

Space is running short right here and now, but I cannot say that I am done with this patronizing of our West Virginia snake by The American Mercury. I aim to bully rag still further, come another paper. In fact it looks now like as potent a source of copy as the panthers which still lurk in the dark, dim recesses of our Endless Mountains.

West Virginia

“Exceptional opportunities for recreation in nearly a million wooded acres are offered to vacationists in West Virginia’s Monongahela National Forest.” says the current issue of Esso Road News monthly travel

(Editor's note—The foregoing Open Letter to President Truman is from the former Virginia Dickson, of Marlinton. She is a granddaughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. H. May, and a niece of Mrs. J. Herbert Vaughan.)

The Bill James Drive

Timber Topics is the house organ of the Altis-Chalmer Manufacturing Company, up at Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The paper carries a department called, "Tall Timber Tale." They pay \$5 for an accepted tall timber tale. In a late issue, H. H. Bush, late of Marlinton, District U. S. Forester made the grade with the following readable but garbled version of my true to history tale of the Bill James Drive:

This story was told to me by a well known editor of a small town weekly in the back country of West Virginia. Cal Price, who is known far and wide for his tales of the Greenbrier valley and the "endless mountains." I have set forth below in substance the story as he told it, though some of the minor details may be at slight variance with dead center, for to give you Cal's own appraisal of the people there, he has pointed out that the further up the Greenbrier Valley one goes, the bigger the liars one encounters, and Cal comes from "well up" on the river nearly, in fact, from the headwaters.

The Sullivan Method

Well, as for the Sullivan Method of logging timber, we have to go back to the early days of lum-

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bering in West Virginia, when the Pennsylvania woods was well on the road to exploitation and loggers were moving south to find new virgin stands of pine and choice hardwoods. Among them was an Irishman named Sullivan, who, up to now had gained little fame, but was forever after to be known as the originator of a new and startling method of felling big timber. Perhaps it was the steep West Virginia hills that spawned the germ of an idea that was to revolutionize logging in that area.

Sullivan was no logging engineer, but while standing at the foot of a typical West Virginia side hill, which not only went straight up, but probably overhung a little at the top, he saw a chance to save some labor. Starting with the bottom trees, he and his choppers (saws being then unknown) notched each tree and then initiated but did not complete the felling cuts. Working gradually up the hill, studying the angles of fall and contour, each tree was carefully plumbed and notched, but left standing. Although somewhat mystified by this unorthodox procedure, the choppers followed along as Sullivan laid out the work. Though they suspected that his erratic behavior might be due to the West Virginia mountain dew's superiority to the milder dews of Pennsylvania to which he was accustomed. It was the only time

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though somewhat mystified by this unorthodox procedure, the choppers followed along as Sullivan laid out the work. Though they suspected that his erratic behavior might be due to the West Virginia mountain dew's superiority to the milder dews of Pennsylvania to which he was accustomed. It was the only time Sullivan was known to start something he did not finish. Sullivan alone knew what was in store.

Key Tree & Balls

As the uppermost tree on the slope was reached, Sullivan himself, took the axe and completed the felling cut. This was the key tree. So carefully did the Irishman lay it down, that in falling it struck two below it. These in turn struck others, setting up a chain reaction carrying clear to the bottom of the slope.

Never before (or since) was a slope completely logged by the felling of a single tree!

I found out it was no use in pressing for more exact details of the Sullivan method. Cal Price is now one of the oldest original residents of the upper reaches of the Greenbrier, and the secret will die with him. When asked to amplify the details of this manner of logging that might have revolutionized the industry, old Cal merely starts off on tales of panthers and other varmints lurking in these colorful mountains.

Bill James was a woodsman from off Potters Creek, Potter County, Pennsylvania. He grew up in the days when an axe was the only proper implement to fell a tree. The crosscut saw was all right to cut the stick into saw logs after the knots were bumped. For precision felling of trees, the axe was the only thing. Later, the saw did come into general use in cutting down timber. How

ever as for artistic accuracy, I have yet to see fifty feet of lined stakes driven into the ground by a falling tree which had been sawed down.

Now Bill James was an axeman right, and he had ideas about cause and effect too. Early in his experience as a contract cutter on tan bark jobs in Potter County, he got on to the trick of knocking down three trees with one. Later he perfected his drive to such extent that in thick timber, he would set a whole hillside

of trees to tumbling like a strike in ten pins by properly notching every proper stick and then dropping the key tree.

The Bill James Drive was known in the lumber woods from the Pennsylvania woods of Potter County, clear across the continent to the Cascade Range. It was unpopular, too, in the captain's office. What a tangled hummock a whole hillside was after a big Bill James drive, to swamp out, bump knots in and skid logs out.

The Bill James Drive saved chopping. When they got to sawing down trees, it went out of fashion. I do not recall now a man of my acquaintance who ever witnessed such a drive. I do know a number of men who worked in the Cheat woods with Bill James. He did not

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worked in the Cheat woods with
Bill James. He died over in
Tucker County not so many years
since.

The piece was sent to me by a
friend who had been lost to view
for many years—G. H. Harris,
now of Rosman, North Carolina.
Away back about forty years ago,
he graded lumber on the Green-
brier with a man named Godfrey.
He says he often thinks of the
old days in Marlinton and recall-
ed the time when Dr. Howard
woke up the supposed hypnotized
person in the drug store window
by a pin prick in the heel; there-
by raising a considerable rumpus
at the same time.

Mrs. Harris' comment on the
Tall Timber Tale was that it was
a pretty tall one, coming as it did
from a good Presbyterian.

1949

The Cranberry Glades

Under the heading, "The Case
of the Misplaced Muskeg," Bur-
ton H. Scott writes in the

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vacation hours in trying to stum-
ble across the trail back to the
road.

Old Catalog

Ervin Dunbrack has a museum piece in the way of a Montgomery Ward catalog for fall and winter of 1891-2. It is a book of nearly 600 pages, with the notation on the last page that the catalog was big enough. The current catalog has twice as many much larger pages. In the old book guns and pistols take up page after page, but there are only a few pages of guns and not a single pistol advertised in this year's book. There are pages devoted to buggies and parts in the old book, while the new one has automobile supplies and accessories. I see no silk in the new catalog, only rayon. In the old one, black silk is advertised at 80 cents a yard. The top price shoe for ladies is \$4.50. While this year's book list not nearly so fancy a kid creation for \$12.98.

Captain James M. McNeill

CONFEDERATE STATES ARMY
From Richwood News-Leader

A name that sent tingles up the

Ghost Army

Charles C. Clendenen, of 11 Arbovale Road, Asheville, North Carolina, sends in a clipping from a local paper dealing with ghost. The item of particular interest to him and to me was the "ghost army" once seen in the Greenbrier Valley. It was all news to him and to me. Here is the story:

"Akin to the Chimney Rock apparition is the 'ghost army' seen near Lewisburg, in Greenbrier County, on October 1, 1863, about 3 p. m. Apparently thousands of cotton-like rolls were seen sailing rapidly, and in beautiful order and regularity just over the tops of the adjacent hills. An hour later, after they had passed out of sight in the deep valley beneath, thousands and thousands of (apparently) human beings came into view, marching rapidly—double quick—30 or 40 in depth, in the same direction as the rolls and began to ascend the almost insurmountable hills opposite. They had the stoop peculiar to men ascending steep mountain. Great was the variety of sizes. Some were very large, whilst others were quite small. Their arms, legs and heads could be distinctly seen in motion. They wore white blouses and white trousers. They carried neither guns nor swords. They passed over the road and out of sight in a direction due north of the many onlookers."

This was first published in 1889, in the Civil War in Song and Story, by Frank Moore.

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CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY, SEPT. 8, 1949

Local History Notes

A good many weeks ago, a reader came in to inquire what I knew about Hugh McKeever, who had been killed by Indians, on Stamping Creek away back about Revolutionary War times. I had to confess total ignorance, but did promise to inquire around for to see what basis there was for the rumor of the tragedy.

A clue was the name of a field now owned by Joe Sharp on Blue Lick of Stamping Creek, the "Huey Field." Yes, it was named for Hugh McKeever, who lived there. He was killed in the field which now bears his name. He was scalped and his body left in a sitting position against a stump.

Another citizen had recollection of having been told by his mother that Hugh McKeever was killed at the big spring just beyond the stockade of Days Fort. The time was the raid in which the Bridger brothers were killed. The fort was at Millpoint, at the site of the present home of J. Lanty McNeel.

Now comes authority and I do not know how I missed it in

23
Wither's Border Warfare. This book records the fact that Hugh McKeever was killed on Stamping Creek by Indians the same day John and James Bridger were waylaid on their way to the fort on Stamping Creek.

There is tradition to the effect that Mrs. Hugh McKeever and a young son made it to the fort, but a daughter in her teens was taken captive when and where her father was killed and scalped.

There is further tradition that this young girl was taken by the Indians to their towns beyond the Ohio; the Pickaway Plains are even named. From there she escaped and made her way back to the Greenbrier Valley. One day she appeared at the Warwick Fort at Cloverlick, just about half starved. Her appearance on Clover Creek instead of Stamping Creek, twenty-five miles down the Greenbrier, could be accounted for by following the trail up Elk River instead of coming on up the Kanawha to the trail leading up Gauley River. The well authenticated tradition is that the Indians returned to the Ohio by the Cranberry and Gauley trails.

The McKeever name is still with us in the Greenbrier Valley. I have no way of knowing if some of them are the descendants of Hugh.

In the year 1784

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of them are the descendants of
Hugh.

In the year 1784 a party of In-
dians came to Drennon's Fort, at
the present fair grounds, above
the mouth of Stony Creek. There
James Baker, the school teacher
was killed. The Bridger brothers,
John and James, were members
of a party coming to the rescue
of the Dinnons. Nathan a colored
man, went to notify the settlers
in the Levels.

In going to the fort at Mill-
point, the Bridger brothers and
Nathan left the main party about
the present site of Professor G.
D. McNeill's residence at the top
of Swago Hill. These took the
nearer, steeper way up the moun-
tain and through the low place
known to this day as Bridger's
Notch. They were bushwhacked
and killed by the Indians.

This has been put down as the
last Indian raid in what is now
Pocahontas County. The date is
fixed by Mrs. Phoebe Moore Mc-
Neill wife of Jonathan, son of
Thomas, the pioneer. She said
she was ten years old at the time
of the raid. It is known she was
born on February 13, 1774.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 22, 1949

Conservation

(The following essay is by Miss
Evelyn Hartig of G

impression the place was some-
where near where Glade Run
crosses the road.

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY, MAR. 23, 1950

The inquiry comes as to the origin of the name of Droop Mountain. I can only reply that the older people used to tell me it was because this great land mark presented the appearance of overhanging or drooping over Greenbrier River.

There are a few place names of French origin still sticking here in the Greenbrier Valley like Gauley, from Gaule, the ancient name of France; Ronceverte, on interpretation, being briar green; St. Lawrence and probably Cheat.

There is the French word drupe meaning a pulpy stone fruit such as the wild cherry. Well, the black cherry did and does grow in profusion on Droop Mountain.

However, I still hold with the ancient people that Droop does present the appearance of overhanging Greenbrier River. This is the west end of the mountain so plainly seen from the Big Levels of Greenbrier County.

During depression years I had occasion as member of the State Historic Marker Commission to visit the County of Raleigh up on the Flat Top Peniplain. There had been no fires of industry for years to smoke up the atmosphere. On that clear autumn day, just out of the City of Beckley, Droop

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Speaking of the blue or rather purple tint of these Endless Mountains, years ago engineers of the geodetic survey spent a week or more in this county, awaiting a south wind to blow the blue haze out of the sky. They said it was smoke from the Pittsburgh industrial area. Finally the wind did change, and one fine fall morning the air was clean and clear; the engineers were able to cast the desired lines for miles and miles. I recall how plainly the white church on Top of Alleghany Battlefield showed from Lone Tree Knob at Marlinton.

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Getting back to Droop, the earliest date I recall having seen it mentioned is in the records of old Botetourte County. In the proceedings of a term of court in the year 1775, notation is made that Charles Kennison is excused from his call for jury service, as he lived beyond Droop Mountain. It was entirely too inconvenient to reach him with a summon by reason of the distance to be traveled.

The line between Botetourte and Augusta Counties had not then been surveyed through what is now West Virginia—only projected. The line was established ten years later as between Greenbrier and Harrison Counties from Alleghany Mountain to the Ohio River, below Parkersburg. The line crossed Greenbrier River at the Buckley Rocks, just above the mouth of Swago. Yes, the Buckley family had been there then a dozen years, and they are still there. Another call on the Harrison County line is the falls of Williams River.

Droop Mountain is known in history as the site of the battle in the War between the States. Here General Averell won a victory for the Union, though General Echols was able to escape with his army. This battle broke the strength of the Confederacy in these mountains.

The battle field is properly set aside as a State Park. It is a most attractive and popular place for out door recreation. The news item in this connection is that a goodly sum of money has recent-

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The other battle was between Indians and pioneer settlers away back in the later days of the American Revolution. The site was on the Warrior's Road, or the Greenbrier Trace at Bear town, overhanging Greenbrier River. There were soldiers home from the Army to do their bit at crop planting, and word came of a war party of a score or so of Indians on a raid, traveling the Greenbrier Trace up Little Creek and down Spice Run. The Indians were ambushed about where the trail topped Droop at Beartown. The veteran soldiers inflicted terrible slaughter on the Indians—few if any escaping.

There is tradition, too, of a house wife killing an Indian on Droop. This too, was about the time of the Revolution. The young woman was about her work in her cabin home and became aware of an Indian watching her through the window opening. She paid no apparent mind; merely casually working her way a round to where the gun was kept. As the Indian raised his

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head to peep through the window again, he met a fatal charge of shot. I have been told the grave of this Indian is on the McClure place, marked by a pile of stones and a thicket of berry briars.

To the scientists, the Droop Mountain is known as the place where the Droop sand stone is found. This is a good glass sand, of peculiar fine crystals. I never have been able to get the glass people interested. Dr. Paul H. Price is the scientist who made known this sand and named it Droop.

Talking about stones, Beartown is unusual in that for acres the rock has eroded, leaving high towers, with alleys and byways between.

Not far from Beartown, on the opposite face of the Mountain, north, are massive rocks too, with an ice cave. After a hard winter, ice may be found well along in the summer.

Speaking of Droop Mountain, the late William Coulter once told me that his grand-father had seen in the year 1810 a herd of about one hundred head of buffalo wallowing in Greenbrier River near the mouth of Spice Run at the foot of Droop.

On Droop, not so far from Beartown is the Cutlip Healing Spring. This has a small flow of remarkably pure water. The people of olden time set considerable store by its curative qualities. In wet

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Seems like I have mentioned about everything of interest I could think of. I am now down to the ghost of Droop Mountain. It was known to appear in various forms. At one home it took possession of a calf skin rug upon the floor. Said rug would stand upon its feet and bawl, and then walk straight through the side of the house.

At another home, rocks would hurl themselves at the house, some going into the house and through the house, but leaving no holes in walls, windows or doors.

At another home, the kitchen

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At another home, the kitchen wood jumped out of the box and off the porch.

There was the unusual amount of bewitched live stock and number of things possessed where a ghost is running at large.

The old people said that when the only person who could lay this ghost moved out west, the spirits ceased to trouble, and for a century now the Mountain has known no ghost.

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1950

Mrs. Dan Beverage, of the Griffin Place, at the head of Stony Creek, brought in a most interesting Indian relic. It is a carefully worked out piece of slate—soap stone—about five inches long; an inch wide in the middle, sloped to about a half inch at either end. It is pierced with three holes. It is a breast piece and both useful and ornamental.

I think the name gorget is applied to such useful ornament. It buckled together blanket or shawl or skin clothes of a people who had not reached the button stage of civilization. Then, too, beads and other ornaments could be and were hung to this breast plate.

The book gives the ancient meaning of the word gorget as that part of ancient armor which defended the neck. Also a crescent shape ornament formerly worn by military officers, on the breast.

Like so many other army names, the word gorget is from the French language. The word is gorge, meaning a throat.

THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1950

Just Like Us

truly don't with.

"Another thing is that you can't. For example, she had a blue dress—silk—she explained that it was. She explained that it could wear a until you were just turn it over dress. She said silk' night-clo robe were a g they looked li

"This coun ed having M ited around neighbors, a eral farm wo and one cour The was tryi member our meetings.

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ways of farming and living. May
they see in us a shining example,
and may we find good in them so
we can all have peace and harmony
again in this world that God has
blessed for us all, regardless of
race, color or country.

RGINIA, AUGUST 24, 1950

Tomahawk

Back from dinner late on last Friday, I found a stone axe on the desk with a note from Donald Gragg, of Cass. He wrote he had found the axe in their corn field last spring. Of course I appreciate so fine and so interesting an Indian relic and no less the kindly thought which prompted the young citizen to add it to the collection of things still growing at this Pocahontas Times office.

This axe is of the grooved variety, and shows signs of long, hard usage. It was probably handed down from generation to generation. As I read the sign, it was originally longer, broader and smoother than now. Worn and battered, full half its length is the broad groove for handle and able pole. The sign is plain how it was clipped off and ground down for another bit where broken about midway.

old paper was \$3 00 a year, plus 20 cents for postage. The postage charge could be paid at the postoffice.

FIELD NOTES

Grover Sheets and Alfred Higgins, cutting timber for skidder logging, on Big Run of Shavers Cheat, found the remains of the carcass of an immense buck deer tucked away in a deep freeze of a wild cat den. The men were working in thick spruce on a rocky hillside. There was plenty of wild cat signs in the way of fresh tracks in the sand by the stream, paths in the moss on the rocks.

Down and back in a deep den they saw the great branching antlers of a big buck deer, 6 snags on one beam and 3 on the other. The guess is, it jumped or fell into the cleft of rock, and then was over come by the wild cat before it could jump out again. Or, maybe it was shot in last fall's hunting, and crept off to die. Anyway, the varments had pretty well eaten up their big wind fall of venison. This den was a natural deep freeze. Ice has been found on that side of Big Run as late as July first.

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have been caught in the spring
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nity of the State.

For West Point

The Sydney Ohio, News pub-
lishes the good news that William
Nottingham, aged 19 years, has
been given the principal nomina-
tion to the United States mili-
tary Academy at West Point,
Class of 1956. The young man is
the son of Mr. and Mrs. R. N.
Nottingham, Lockington, Ohio,
formerly of Pocahontas County.
The Congressman making the ap-
pointment is William M. McCul-
loch.

R. N. (Neal) Nottingham is a
former Sheriff of Pocahontas Co-
unty. In passing, let me remark
too, that the young man is a
great nephew of Robert Kerr, an
honor graduate of West Point,
Class of 1900.

I quote from the News:—"Wil-
liam H. Nottingham lived in Po-
cahontas County, West Virginia,
as a child and small boy. He was
an honor student and star athlete
at Houston, Ohio, High School,
graduating in 1949. He attended
Oiterbein College for a year, be-
fore going to work with the Sef-
ton Fibre Can Company.

While in high school he won
nine letters in basketball, baseball
and track and was county pole

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While in high school he won nine letters in basketball, baseball and track and was county pole vault champion. He was enrolled in the Future Farmers of America. Continuing his athletic interests in college, he played football, basketball and was pole vaulter on the track team.

Young Nottingham has been active in swimming and basketball at Piqua Y. M. C. A. He attended Camp Wakonda every year, except one, since he was twelve years old; was a Camp leader the past two years and belonged to the Boy Scouts."

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CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY, NOV. 26, 1953

Mrs. Fred Burgess brought in

where a step grand mother played
this good part.

Old Teacher, Never Tire

(The following is from the Charleston Daily Mail. The teacher, Mrs. Portia Beatty Hamrick, is the mother of Dr. Kenneth J. Hamrick, of Marlinton, and John Hamrick, of Beard.)

Down in a remote section of McDowell county near the Virginia line, a school teacher by the name of Portia Hamrick is waging a determined fight to see that her young charges learn their three R's under distressing, if not almost impossible, conditions.

Mrs. Hamrick is one of the well known Webster County Hamricks and she was 79 years old on her last birthday, which must be some sort of record for a teacher in active service. We haven't been able to talk to her, but her daughter, Mrs. Ruth Gaul, of Tesays, supplies much of the information which we have at hand.

Mrs. Hamrick's school is called Bear Wallow school and the name, we understand, is derived as much from fact as fiction. It sits atop a dividing mountain ridge between Virginia and West Virginia, where bear used to roam and, occasionally, one or two still do.

Now, our schoolmarm has been teaching nigh on 50 years or more and never has thought of quitting, even though boards of education in most counties shied away at the idea of a woman almost 80 teaching day in and day out.

So, this year, Mrs. Hamrick wrote to McDowell County for a position and was told she could have one if she accepted Bear Wallow school which no one else would take. She accepted.

She found her mailing address, Jewell Ridge, Va., and her school only a stone's throw away from the Virginia line inside West Virginia. The territory was sparsely settled, the families living there were poor, and their children were somewhat neglected in matters of clothing, nutrition—and education.

Bulltown on the Little Kanawha
River from 1809 until 1823.

Some years ago two brotth
Knapps Creek were coon hunt
night on the Alleghanies, up about
the sods at Paddy's Knob or the
Cross Bars. They stirred up a wild
boar and he charged them. There
was no time or place to shoot, so the
gun was dropped and both boys made
for a chunk of a tree standing out in
the open. Just before he reached
the tree the one in front looked back
to see how his brother was making
out. He was only ten or twelve feet
behind and coming strong. The front
boy hit the tree a climbing and was
soon out of harm's way in the bran-
ches. When he got settled he was
surprised to find his brother up the
tree above him. He had passed him
as they climbed the tree. The hog
kept the boys treed for hours; their
dogs came to them about break of
day, and bayed the hog. They got
their gun, killed the hog and skinned
out the pork.

Indian Bones

The Associated Press reports that the congregation of the Union Methodist Church, in Monroe County, is watching its steps. The Church is located over an Indian burying ground.

Excavation for a basement revealed a musty old skull. Diligent digging unearthed one body adjoining the skull and another body nearby.

A local doctor discouraged speculation on foul play--at least recently--with his statement that the bodies were at least 200 years old.

He surmised that one body was that of a squaw, probably about 50 years old at the time of burial. Both bodies were about two feet beneath the surface, with faces down and pointing toward the east.

Beside one was what appeared to be a weapon carved from bone.

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In reporting on the finding of Indian bones in the Methodist Church Yard in Union, the Monroe Watchman said this was the third time that human bones had been discovered on the site. Twenty five years ago, two complete skeletons were found, when a furnace was installed.

Then Editor Johnston copies from a Watchman of 65 years ago the writing about no less than fourteen skulls and bones belonging to as many bodies being dug up when preparing for the foundation of the church. Stone arrowheads, pieces of flint and a quaintly formed pipe were found with the human remains.

The skulls were definitely identified as Indians. This is done by measuring. The American Indian has the "round" skull of the Asiatic, while the white race has what is termed the "long" head.

The reference book is not at hand, but I have some sort of a vague recollection that if you want to find whether your head is long or round, the rule is to measure around it above the ears; then across the top of the head from ear to ear. If the distance across is half the distance around, you have a round head.

The inquiry comes, what is Balm of Gilead? Could it be a

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the "long" head.

The reference book is not at hand, but I have some sort of a vague recollection that if you want to find whether your head is long or round, the rule is to measure around it above the ears; then across the top of the head from ear to ear. If the distance across is half the distance around, you have a round head.

The inquiry comes, what is Balm of Gilead? Could it be a patent balsam widely advertised over the radio? I can only answer that the Balm of Gilead of the eastern countries is an evergreen shrub of North Africa. Mashing the leaves brings a sweet smelling, sticky juice. This resinous juice is the basis for the Balm of Gilead, the Balsam of Mecca, and possibly the myrrh of Bible times.

The Balm of Gilead tree we all are interested in is the balsam poplar (*populus balsamifera canadensis*). It is cultivated as a shade tree. The big buds are thickly coated with an aromatic resin. It is also known as the *tacamahac*. This tree is a native of North America. The old people used to make a salve by boiling the buds and skimming off the sweet smelling resin. Nearly all the homesteads had a Balm of Gilead tree. If anything happened to the tree, sprouts would spring up for rods around.

Bataan Death March

A correspondent of The Charleston Gazette interviewed Veteran Ira Lee Jeffries, a survivor of the Bataan Death March. He is the son of Mr and Mrs M.F. Jeffries, of Marlinton, Mrs. Jeffries

Bataan Death March

A correspondent of The Charleston Gazette interviewed Veteran Ira Lee Jeffries, a survivor of the Bataan Death March. He is the son of Mr and Mrs M.F. Jeffries, of Marlinton. Mrs Jeffries' is the former Miss Dorothy Tyree. of Buckeye.

Deepwater—To look at husky Ira Lee Jeffries today, you never would guess he once was a 90-pound living skeleton, blinded and crippled by three years of starvation in a Japanese prison camp.

The 33-year old Deepwater, Fayette County, miner—one of the few survivors of the infamous “Bataan death March” of World War II—has almost regained his health.

“I still can’t see too well”, he explained today, “and I haven’t quite gained back to my former weight of 175 pounds, but other wise I’m in pretty good shape”.

Jeffries, who enlisted in the Army at 17, was one of 10,000 American soldiers captured on the Bataan peninsula of the Philippines in the early days of World War II.

“The Japs outnumbered us about 10 to one”, he said. “They kept pushing us back until we were at the water’s edge and had to surrender.

“As they marched us back to Camp O’Donnell, we began to grow weak from lack of food and exposure. Any who passed out were bayoneted where they lay.

“At Camp O’Donnell prison, we were given only a skimpy handful of rice a day to eat. We had no clothing and were housed in leaky bamboo huts. The men died at a rate of nearly a 100 per

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"At Camp O'Donnell prison, we were given only a skimpy handful of rice a day to eat. We had no clothing and were housed in leaky bamboo huts. The men died at a rate of nearly a 100 per day. We were allowed to bury them only every three days, and had to stack their bodies up in the prison yard like firewood".

Jeffries was later taken to another Philippine prison, Camp Cabanatuan, where he was beset by several malnutrition and exposure afflictions.

"Tropical ulcers, caused by a vitamin deficiency, formed on my eyes", he said. "I was totally blind for a while. Then I got hookworm from going barefoot and developed arthritis until I could hardly walk I also had beriberi and several attacks of malaria."

Camp Cabanatuan was liberated December 30, 1945, by soldiers of the Sixth Ranger Division, who slipped through the Japanese lines

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hookworm from going barefoot and developed arthritis until I could hardly walk I also had beriberi and several attacks of malaria."

Camp Cabanatuan was liberated December 30, 1945, by soldiers of the Sixth Ranger Division, who slipped through the Japanese lines overpowered the guards and carried the emaciated prisoners back to American-held territory.

Ironically, Jeffries' brother, Army Sergeant William Marvin Jeffries, was killed in action 30 miles from Camp Cabanatuan 10 days before his brother was freed.

Jeffries spent six months in stateside hospitals before he was able to return to civilian life—and then on crutches.

"I had \$6,000 in back pay and POW pay waiting for me when I got out," he said. "It really added up during the 35 months that I was a prisoner."

Jeffries, who worked for the Semet-Solvay Coal Company until last week, when he was laid off, lives in an apartment at Deepwater with [his wife, Dorothy Lee, 28, and two children, Ronald Lee 7, and Latherine Joan, 3.

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✓ SASSAFRAS

Sassafras tea is always important this time of year as a spring tonic and juvinator. With the price of coffee edged up beyond reason by greedy market manipulators, sassafras tea has become of double importance this season.

It seems the name, sassafras is Indian. It is native to America, from Maine to Florida. Up north it is a shrub; farther south, a tree. Over on Anthonys Creek there is a big sassafras tree. It is 75 feet high, and about two feet across the stump. I have only seen the picture of this stately tree. Down on Dry Branch of Swago there is a sassafras tree even larger. It is over eleven feet in circumference, and over three feet in diameter. It is on the Porter Kellison farm.

Sassafras is also found in Sumatra. An old reference book—published nearly 90 years ago—says:

"An agreeable beverage is made in North America by infusion of sassafras bark or wood. A similar beverage was once very commonly sold at day break, in the streets of London under the name of saloop. A few saloop vendors are still to be seen plying their vocation."

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"An agreeable beverage is made in North America by infusion of sassafras bark or wood. A similar beverage was once very commonly sold at day break, in the streets of London under the name of saloop. A few saloop vendors are still to be seen plying their vocation."

"The wood of the sassafras is brought to the market in the form of chips, but the bark of the root is preferred for medicinal use. It is a powerful stimulant, soporific and diuretic. It is employed in skin diseases, gout and rheumatism."

That word, soporific had to do with starting a sweat, and diuretic works on the kidneys.

A couple of generations ago the older colored people had the saying it was bad luck to burn sassafras wood. I have no idea what the connection might have been between the burning of the sweet smelling wood and misfortune.

We all were brought up in the belief there were two kinds of sassafras —the red and the blue. The blue made a weak, off color bitter tea. The red made a rose colored tea, rich and fine in every way. Now they tell me there is only one kind of sassafras. It is the ground it grows in which makes the difference. The blue grows in sandy places and the red grows in the strong clay soils.

Last year, a neighbor, eight miles down, the pike had a most unusual, painful and dangerous experience with his spring tonic. Along with sassafras roots he dug up poison ivy in the fence row. In washing the roots, the wife got poison ivy on her hands; in drinking the tea, they were poisoned internally. It was all so bad as to require hospital treatment.

The best sassafras tea is made from boiling the roots in the sweet water of the sugar maple.

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Away back in the beginning about three centuries ago, there was an export business developing in shipping sassafras from the Colony of Virginia to the Mother Country. However, the trade of thinly settled America was not a drop in the bucket to that of the teeming millions of India. So, big business, the East India Company, made the Empire tea conscious with the leaves of an oriental plant rather than the much better and healthier infusion of American sassafras.

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... youngest son was
the James, listed above. He mar-
ried Mary Burner, of Travellers
Repose. One of their daughters
was Margaret Elizabeth who
married James Weiford, of Hills-
boro. She was born October 30,
1831 and died November 11, 1862.

This lady was the grand
mother of Rev. Dewey Weiford,
who has the family Bible record-
ing the births and deaths of this
Grimes (Graham) family from 1795
to 1862.

The Empty Room

An editorial in the New York
World Telegram

That is a caption of an adver-
tisement—one of the most inspir-
ing advertisements we have ever
seen. The illustration shows a
middle-aged man, standing alone
and looking into a boy's bedroom

The text has him saying:

"This is my boy's room.

"This is where he slept.

"This is where he dreamed a
child's dreams.

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"This is where he saw a man's
visions.

"Here, in this empty room are
faded pictures of teammates and
heroes—books scribbled over with
notes and exclamations—the glo-
ves and spike shoes we hung up
for good before he went to war—
the silver cup he won at Sea
Bright—bright pennants—and all
the careless memoranda, the
echoes of his days.

"If fathers could only pour
their hate through the hot bar-
rels of smoking guns and write
the records of their grief with
bayonet steel!

They said I was too old to fight
though I'm only fifty.

"But, if I'm too old to sight
and drop a stick of bombs, I'm
not too old to lay my money on
the line for War Savings Stamps
and bonds!

"Maybe I am too stiff and slow
to fly, but I've got control enough
to keep my car speed under 40—
so they can keep their fighting
planes above 400!

"And if I can't march 30 miles
a day with a full pack, I can walk
two miles to work and back to
help save gas and rubber.

"No, I'm not bitter any more
because I won't win this war be-
hind a gun or on a ship or in
the sky.

"I've come around to thinking

43

though I'm only fifty.

"But, if I'm too old to sight and drop a stick of bombs, I'm not too old to lay my money on the line for War Savings Stamps and bonds!

"Maybe I am too stiff and slow to fly, but I've got control enough to keep my car speed under 40—so they can keep their fighting planes above 400!

"And if I can't march 30 miles a day with a full pack, I can walk two miles to work and back to help save gas and rubber.

"No, I'm not bitter any more because I won't win this war behind a gun or on a ship or in the sky.

"I've come around to thinking that here at home we've got the job of passing the ammunition along, of sacrificing little things, of giving up and going without, of looking ahead to 'less' instead of 'more.' Somebody's got to do the necessary, undramatic things, and I guess that's what older men are for."

To the United States Rubber Co., which sponsors this advertisement, and to the artist and the writer who prepared it, our thanks. Through the door of an empty room they have given us a glimpse beyond the squabbling and striving for advantage, the petty arguments and futile buck passing that sometimes to be the chief substance of our war effort here at home, into the real heart of America.—Prepared by Campbell-Ewald Company.

THE REUNION 1936

This is Thursday, September 30, and I have before me a copy of the Pocahontas Times of forty years ago. The paper was handed in by T. D. Moore and it contains an account of the big Confederate Reunion held in Marlinton on September 30, 1897. There were over five thousand people in town that day, and this was the first b'g crowd to ever come in.

The parade was an impressive spectacle. The marchall was Colonel A C L Gatewood. His staff was composed of 110 mounted Confederate veterans and 98 Confederate veterans on foot. The procession was reviewed at the Temporary Court House—where the High School is now—by Captain John A. Preston, of Lewisburg; Rev. William T. Price, D. D., Chaplain of Pickett's Brigade, and E I Holt, of Hillsboro. The paper said Colonel Gatewood had less trouble getting the young people

lined out for the parade than in forming the veterans: 'On one side of the street the grassy avenue was ablaze with the color of the hope of the land, while on the other side the veterans sat on their horses, gray and grim.'

Comment is made that so expeditiously did Colonel Gatewood work his staff that the parade was ready on time. The streets were packed with people from the bridge to the reunion grounds in the bend of the creek, near the present residence of Dr M S. Wilson. As near as they could count, there were 5600 people in line.

The cavalry was led by the Beverly band; the young people by the Hillsboro band, and the infantry by Fifer Shafer, of Greenbrier County. The fifer did not let the committee know he was coming, spent the night in a barn, and was only discovered when he turned up for breakfast. There was no time to find a drummer to accompany him, but "he took his 'weed', and marched at the head of the infantry and piped most beautifully."

The speaker of the day was Hon. John A. Preston, of Lewisburg. The address of welcome was made by E. I. Holt, of Hillsboro, and Dr Price led the people in prayer.

As for dinner, I note 500 feet of table had been provided. Never was a crowd better fed, and that too in the woods on the banks of Knapps Creek. Tons of lunch was left over: eight big boxes never being even opened. Five thousand people had eaten a hurried breakfast by candle light on a frosty morning, and these

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eight big boxes never being even
opened. Five thousand people had
eaten a hurried breakfast by candle
light on a frosty morning, and these
came on nine hours later to be fed.
And it was no soup house repast
either. Every one there had a dozen
different delicacies spread before him.
Roast beef, roast pig, ham, turkey
duck, chicken, mutton, white bread,
pickles, spread and cakes without
end. Four hundred feet of table
cloth was spread without making
serious reduction in the commissary
tent. Note is made of the fact that
\$140 worth of simple refreshments
were sold. Also, that when the call
for dinner came it broke up the
speaking.

The citizens of Marlinton respond-
ed nobly and every house was ablaze
with gay but not gaudy colors of red,
white and blue. In the decorations
the stars and stripes were mingled
with the stars and bars.

"Was it a Confederate Reunion?
Well, yes, but the brave honored the
brave, and those who espoused the
cause of the Union were there; did
what we did, brought food, enjoyed
what we enjoyed, and in every thing
participated in a way that the com-
mittee appreciated more than they

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what we enjoyed, and in every thing
participated in a way that the com-
mittee appreciated more than they
can express. If anything had been
needed to wipe out the bitterness
that is said to have existed in this
county during the war this would
have done it."

Regiments largely represented by
veterans present that day were the
25th, 27th, 31st, 60th and 64th Vir-
ginia Infantry; 11th, 19th and 22nd
Virginia Cavalry.

Reference is made to the apprehen-
sion many had of the prospect for
disorder. Most of the people never
saw a drunken man that day. This
is commented on as a remarkable fea-
ture of the occasion. "Reunions
shou'd always be held the week be-
fore a grand jury meets."

"Marlinton has no saloons but a
couple of enterprising law breakers
had brought on a supply of mean
whiskey. The committee frightened
them out pretty badly, and only a
few insignificant bodies got poison-
ed."

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A constant stream of buggies, miles long, came in on every road. A traveler who wished to cross the bridge was detained two hours before he could get a clear track.

"As the parade passed up by Marlin Mountain the C and O engineers were surveying along beside the road. One of them was brisk enough to say "Lookout for the locomotive!"

"The Beverly Band serenaded The Times office, and it is with feelings of regret we think of how our paper howled accompaniment to the music."

A Ghost That Was Not A Ghost

Several years after the Civil War I lived with a family on Kerr's Creek, Rockbridge county, Virginia. They were a very prominent family and had one daughter, who was very beautiful. When she was about twenty years of age there were three young men who all had hopes of winning her hand in marriage. One was a blacksmith and the other two farmers. As time went on she could not decide which of the three she would

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Sassafras (which happens to be its botanical name, as well as its common designation) should be given more consideration than is commonly bestowed on it, because of its value as an ornamental tree and as a medicine and aromatic beverage. It faces almost complete extinction, as it is a plant of rather slow growth and its root is much sought after for tea making. Then it has been brushed out in old fields and fence corners where it formerly was plentiful. There are two varieties, the red and white. It was much esteemed by aboriginal Indians, who used decoctions as a drink and as medicines; poultices of the leaves and of the bark were applied to arrow and gun shot wounds and certain sores. To the Indian medicine man it constituted a major remedy in his outfit. The plant was highly recommended to the colonists at Jamestown by the Indians. History records that the first cargo exported from the Jamestown settlement in the year 1607, consisted of sassafras roots. It did not seem to make much of a hit as a popular drug and beverage in Europe, and the first shipment was also the last. A little before that time tobacco, another herb used by the Indians, was introduced by Sir Walter Raleigh, and swept into world wide popularity which continues to this day, and is one of the mysteries of human taste and habit. We suggest that a little space be given the sassafras to grow on the upland where it thrives, and also plantings be made as an ornamental tree. The wood is very durable in the ground, and almost equal to the locust and slippery elm in this respect.

N. R. Price, M. D.

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SUGAR MAKING

A farmer friend came in with several gallons of maple molasses. It was so clear I had to accuse him of having boiled the water in an evaporator pan. He said he was still an iron kettle man; that no tin pan could retain the natural maple flavor like the old iron pot did; also it had to be exposed to smoke and flying ashes to make it just right. I inquired about the addition of fat pork rine to keep the sweetie in bounds, and he said the hog skin must go in as a matter of course or the syrup would boil up and over. The clearness of the product was still mystery until I asked if he he'd to the practice of straining the sweetie through a home woven blanket. When he said he followed that finishing touch, I knew him to be a proper sugar maker of the old school, who gathered the water from new spiles into clean buckets and put into a holding trough of cucumber wood. Every step in the manufacture of maple sugar is important, and not the least important thing to insure a product that is right is to strain the sweetie through a hand woven wool blanket. Such blankets are harder to come with each succeeding year.